

The Second Shot Heard Round the World

By

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Governor Rick Perry, his wife Anita, his son Griffin and daughter Sydney, along with Rep. Brandon Creighton and his family, backed by an honor guard of 12 Texas Rangers, were standing in front of the Heroes of the Alamo Memorial with the Texas State flag, the Gonzales Flag and Gadsden flags flying behind them on the first Anniversary of the Austin Tea Party. They had such high hopes for the Tea Parties. Their hopes were dashed when Obama swiftly brought out the Contractors, who weren't bound by Posse Comitatus, the Geneva Convention, or Common Decency. Texas was spared the first round, but in smaller venues, ordinary US Citizens who were peacefully protesting and totally unarmed were brutalized by Federal Jackboots.

Governor Perry swore when he had a chance again, he'd do something to stop Obama from becoming a Tyrannical Dictator, and save what was left of the Country. Rep Creighton finally resigned in protest, and told Gov. Perry everything he knew. It shook the Governor to his core to realize how immoral, depraved, and psychotically greedy Obama was – he made Hitler and Chairman Mao look like Boy Scouts compared to what Rep. Creighton told him regarding Obama's plans for the US. He discussed everything with his wife and family, then sent Lieutenant Governor David Dewhurst, his family, and as many members of the Texas Legislature he could contact on short notice who agreed with what they were doing to a secure shelter. Next, he called an old friend of his in the Rangers, explained what he had in mind, and he told Rick he'd take care of everything.

The morning of the 15th was like any other Texas morning, but Rick knew in his heart this was different. He'd either start the 2nd American Revolution, or die trying. His whole family were Patriots like him, and decided to live or die beside him, showing Obama they weren't afraid of his thugs. Before they left, Rick hugged his family and said their goodbyes, and they prayed together, then rode the armored limo to the Capitol one last time. When they got out, Rep Creighton was the first to greet him, and instead of a handshake, Rick gave his friend a heart-felt hug, and whispered. "Vaya Con Dios, Mi Amigo. I hope we live to save this country!"

Brandon wiped tears from his eyes, and told his old friend, "One way or another Rick, we're going to save this country, or die trying. I won't live a slave, I'd rather Live Free or Die."

Rick thought his quotation was fitting, since they were out in front of the Heroes of the Alamo Memorial. If this didn't go the way they hoped, they might be erecting another monument on this site. With that out of the way, they walked to the podium, and Rick started his prepared speech, while the cameras rolled. Anita realized just how dangerous what they were attempting was when she saw there were no reporters, and

only 1 camera and cameraman from each of the major media outlets.

“My Fellow Texans, over 100 years ago, the Republic of Texas repulsed an invasion from the South, and saved our nation. Today, we’re faced with a power-mad dictator in DC and his toadies in Congress, with a hogtied Supreme Court that’s incapable of any action, let alone stopping this. It’s up to us to save ourselves. My first step is to declare our Sovereignty, and assume our Republic of Texas status once again.”

Right as he was getting to the good part, 6 armed and armored Hummers drove up to the limo, and a BAW of a Politician climbed out of the lead Hummer and headed directly toward Gov. Perry carrying a huge leather briefcase stuffed with paper. Behind him were men wearing SWAT gear, but no apparent badges or ID, and carrying M-4’s. Gov Perry let the BAW get within speaking distance, and the Rangers took no action – they were under orders not to resist unless Gov. Perry flashed his friend the peace sign behind the podium.

The BAW caught his breath, and launched into his tirade. “Gov. Perry, you’re under arrest for Sedition according to Executive Order 29836462691469.”

Gov Perry laughed, and that threw the BAW for a loop and he just stood there. Finally he motioned the LT to cuff Gov Perry, who said to the LT as he stepped forward to arrest the Governor “I wouldn’t do that if I were you.”

“Why not?”

“Don’t move, and I’ll show you.”

Gov Perry hadn’t finished the sentence when the tarmac was chewed by a high-caliber rifle bullet less than 6 feet away from the LT.

“Gentlemen, you’re on MY home turf. Do you really think we’d be standing out here and just let you arrest us? Right now, you’re surrounded by a superior force, and at the wave of my hand, you’ll be cut down where you stand. I’d highly suggest getting back in your Hummers, leaving Texas, and tell the Usurper that Texas is a free republic again.”

Right as he finished, Gov Perry, his family, and Rep Creighton’s were cut down by a long burst of automatic gunfire from the troops escorting the BAW, which were in turn taken out by the hidden forces protecting Gov. Perry. Once Lt Gov Dewhurst got word of the incident, he activated plans to wipe out any armed Federal officials in Texas, hang a bunch of Federal Politicians and Judges, and send the rest packing. Gov Perry sacrificed his life to ensure that the 2nd Shot heard round the world would be loud and clear – “Live Free or Die!”

Chapter 1 – the Day After

Miraculously, the news cameras and the cameramen survived the sudden shootout. Once the bullets stopped flying, Larry – who was Rick’s friend in the Rangers, took charge of the scene, grabbed the two nearest cameramen and told them.

“Gentlemen, you saw and heard what happened. I know the Federal Government is placing extreme restrictions on what goes out over the air. I’m going to ask you to risk your careers and possibly yours and your family’s lives so that Freedom can reign in the US eventually.”

The cameraman for KTBC Fox 7 spoke out. “I’ll do it – I saw too much **** in Vietnam, and what the Gov’t did to us to let it happen again. I’m single, and my kids are grown, so I don’t have a family to risk like Nick over there.”

Nick breathed a sigh of relief, realizing he didn’t have to sacrifice his family and career over a hopeless cause. As soon as the Fed Goons saw the unauthorized transmission, they’d pull the plug, and shoot everyone in the building. He hoped his friend Gene had a solution to keep the Fedgov from pulling the plug until after the news had gone out. Larry handed both of them pre-recorded videotapes to get out if possible. He suggested using the Internet since it would take the JBT’s longer to trace the source if they were smart and used an Anonymizer. Nick suddenly saw the light, he knew a friend of his who was a computer genius, who could safely get the word out on the internet without any danger to his family. Nick was willing to lay his life down, but he had 2 young children, and his wife Betty was a major hottie, and he knew she’d get gang-raped before they killed her. After he gave them the tapes, Larry shook their hands, then turned to bandage the living, and mourn the dead. Single shots rang out as Texas Rangers finished off the Federal Traitors who willingly obeyed an unlawful order to execute the Governor of Texas. Nick and Gene conversed briefly, and exchanged information. Nick was stunned to learn that his friend had a fail-safe plan already in place to broadcast 1 message nationwide, seal the building, and when the JBT’s forced entry, blow the building sky high with them in it. They both quickly tore down their equipment, loaded it in their mini-vans, and drove to their locations. Nick wisely stopped at the Computer Geek’s house on the way to the office, and gave him both tapes. Two minutes later, he had the originals back, and Wally had the raw video in his hard drive. Nick quickly got back to his office, where the head of Security was waiting with the Federal Censor, who demanded the tape. Nick complained enough to be believable, then turned the tape over – the other tape was well hidden. The Federal censor viewed the tape, and promoted the head of Security on the spot, and added Nick’s name to the Federal Watch List.

It was close enough to the end of the day for Nick to leave, so he did so, but he didn’t go straight home. After doing a Tail Identification Run, and realizing he wasn’t being followed at the minute, stopped at his monthly rental locker and took some things out, including a special satellite phone his friend Sam had given him. He used it to call his friend, and used the code word in a sentence. Half an hour later, they met in a parking garage, and Nick gave Sam the tape, and a brief description of what was going on. His friend told him to evacuate his family to the MAG shelter immediately and stay there

until he called him. He'd send two of his most trusted shooters over to his house to secure it while they packed, and escort them to the underground shelter. Nick drove out immediately, did another Tail Identification Run, then drove home. He recognized the van in the drive, and relaxed, knowing the Cavalry was on the job. They quickly loaded his van and trailer, and the Cavalry's van with essential stuff, and some comfort items and keepsakes.

The two guys in the van lead the way, and while they were loading, Nick got a quick look at the hardware they were carrying, he realized they were ready to shoot their way through any Federal roadblocks. As well as their M-4/M203's, they had 6 LAW rockets, 2 AT-4 anti-tank missiles, and enough grenades to take out a bunch of Federal troops. They handed Nick and his wife LBV's with plates, festooned with mags, grenades, a blow-out kit, and radios to talk to the van. Then their militia weapons, a pair of FN P90 TR's with the attached suppressor and triple rail setup. Since their primary targets would be wearing vests, they had their 50-round mags full of FN's purpose-built AP rounds that were designed to defeat a vest. Nick was grateful his old friend thought of everything, and had the shooters bring their militia gear with them, as well as slip-on vests for the kids that looked more like PFD's than vests so they wouldn't scare them unnecessarily. On the way over, Nick explained to Betty what happened, where they were going and why. When he got to the point of telling her what he was afraid of if they were captured, she squeezed his hand (he was wearing a LBV full of grenades, so a hug was out of the question) and cried. Last week, her best friend had her door kicked in, and she was gang-raped for hours before the JBT's realized they had the wrong house. She was taken to the ER by a nosy neighbor who went to check out the scene the next morning, and as of this morning, the nurse said she was still in a catatonic state.

They followed the van for hours, and finally reached the shelter. Dozens of people they never saw before, all wearing BDU's helped them unload and get in the shelter. Their cars were parked in an earth-sheltered garage to eliminate their IR and radar signature. They walked through a sally-port entrance, and several blast doors before they reached the elevator going down. It was a huge freight elevator, and everyone fit easily. Once they reached the bottom of the shelter, almost 50 feet below ground level, they opened the door and were amazed at what they saw. As far as the eye could see, a long hallway stretched with doors that looked like hotel doors (which is exactly what they were – refurbished used hotel doors) and a cheap carpet. Someone unlocked the 2nd door on the right, and showed them their living quarters for the duration. It had 3 nice bedrooms (Master, Boys and Girls) and a large living room. Sally, the lady that let them into their room explained they ate in the mess, and this "apartment" was set aside for married couples with families. Nick realized why they had the children in the lowest part of the shelter – to protect them from radiation, and got an attack of the Willies. Once they were through touring their apartment, Nick left his wife to get organized, and took the elevator which rose to the top floor, where they were met by Sam, who was wearing his Texas State Militia uniform. Nick quickly realized Sam hadn't told him everything about himself when he saw the black beret, gold braid, and the single star of a Brigadier General, plus a chest-full of medals on his "salad bar". If Nick were in uniform, he would

have saluted, instead he stood ramrod straight just like they taught him in the Marines, and waited to be addressed. Sam said “as you were” and stuck his hand out, which Nick shook vigorously.

“Thanks for saving our lives Sam.”

“Actually, this was the Governor’s idea. He saw things going downhill during his first administration, and set us up totally on the QT. All the officers are retired Special Forces, and the enlisted are from all services, but are combat veterans and Patriots. Remember all that ammo that HSD was grabbing up? While they were getting the new stuff, they were obsolescing their stock as fast as they were getting new, and it was being sent down to the National Guard Armory, and their Supply Sergeants sent their old stuff to us.”

“That would explain all the LAW Rockets and the AT-4’s I saw in the shooter’s van.”

“That’s just the tip of the Iceberg. We’ve got a whole floor full of National Guard cast-offs, and some stuff from front-line troops that was diverted or excess. We’re not planning on slugging it out toe to toe with the Federal Forces, but rather disrupting their supply lines, destroying their maintenance facilities, shooting down their air support, and any sabotage we can think of.”

“Aren’t we going to need that stuff later?”

“They can always build more. Once this Civil War is over, I expect the manufacturers to set up shop, and we’re going to buy stuff on a gold-backed monetary system. No more funny money, and no more Other People’s Money.”

“Are you going to need any help – I used to be a Marine, and Betty is an RN.”

“Frankly, Betty will be more help than you are right now. It would take months to get you back into fighting trim, and you’ve got your family to take care of. Any problem taking a support job here at Base instead of out on the field of battle?”

“I’ve already seen too much of War. If I can fill a support role, that frees up a younger warrior to serve at the tip of the spear.”

“Glad you saw it my way. Talk to Betty, and if she agrees to serve, we’ll do the Induction ceremony tomorrow. You were in the Marines, right?”

“Infantry all the way, retired after 20.”

“What rank?”

“Gunnery Sergeant E-7.”

“Ok, I’m giving you a Field Commission for the duration of the Emergency to Major. I need a Right-hand man who doesn’t mind getting his hands dirty. I need you to keep an eye on all the support systems while I work with the field personnel planning strategy. Making you a Major should give you enough juice to order anyone around here to do what you need them to if necessary. Don’t worry, you won’t need your dress uniform around here, I’ll get you and Betty the correct issue. Was Betty in the military?”

“You’ve got a short memory – she was a Navy nurse, I met her at the Naval Hospital when I was wounded in Desert Storm #2.”

“That’s right – how’s the old war wound?”

“Still hurts to sit sometimes.”

“Ok, I’ll make you a Major, and she’ll be an O-3 Lieutenant, so you’ll out-rank her if you ever need to pull rank!”

“Gee, thanks Sam, if I ever pull rank on Betty, I’ll be in the doghouse for a week!”

“Ok, get your stuff together, go to supply and pull your issue, and I’ll have them sew your name tag and rank insignia on it right now. Give them about an hour and they should be good to go. Wait until you’re in uniform with your rank insignia before you tour the rest of the facility.”

“Ok, where’s supply?”

“Second Floor, Third door on right. Lieutenant Smith is in charge.”

“Thank you General, Sir – I’ll be back in uniform later this afternoon to give you a proper salute!”

“Actually, we don’t salute much around here, it tends to attract snipers.”

“Gotcha – see you later Sam.”

Nick took the elevator back down to their apartment. Betty had the kids organized, and everything ship-shape, then Nick walked in and the kids ran to him and grabbed his legs like they usually did when he came home. After he played with them a while, he sat down and talked to Betty.

“Betty, I’ve got good news. We’ve both got support jobs on base, so I’m officially out of the field. Sam needs you to help in the Infirmary, and he made me his Aide. I’m an O-4 Major, and you’re a O-3 Lieutenant since you were a Navy Nurse. Or if you want to pretend you’re in the Army, we could call you Captain, but that might go to your head!”

“How come you outrank me?”

“More time in service, plus Sam’s a Brigadier General and a Major would be about right for his aide. Sam told me to pick up our uniforms from supply, then I need to check out the rest of the base. When I’m finished, I’ll babysit while you meet everyone.”

“Ok Dear, see you this afternoon – I’m just grateful you’re out of the field.”

“Not totally, but I won’t be in combat. I’ll be required to train, but that’s much safer, and I’ll be home more often.”

“Just remember Lisa and John need you.”

“I know dear – war is a young man’s job. It’s up to us old geezers to train them right so they come home. Anyway, it’s about time to get our gear. I’ll bring it back here, get changed, then go meet everyone.”

Nick kissed his wife, and quickly walked to Supply, where Lt. Smith turned out to be a very attractive redhead. Nick was friendly, but made sure she knew he was happily married. She had 6 pairs of BDU’s each ready, and all she needed was for him to sign for it, and pick up his security badge. Some of the areas in the shelter were secured, like the armory - and he needed the card to get in. She packed their clothes in 2 large duffels, and he walked back down to their apartment.

“Betty, Lt. Smith is a pretty redhead, but lucky for you I prefer brunettes!”

“Remember what I said when we were married – just remember I’m still pretty good with a knife!”

Nick laughed, and gave her a hug and kiss – this was their favorite game. He took their duffels into their bedroom, and emerged minutes later squared away. He was wearing the older 6-color Desert BDU with a black beret and jump boots. His nametag was right where it belonged, and they even spelled his last name right – Glaser. He pinned his subdued/field maple leaf collar device on, and checked himself in the mirror. He was squared away, and after Betty gave him her seal of approval, he was out the door to see Sam. He knocked, and Sam said “Enter.”

“Much better Major. Let me show you around. Your office is next door, and you have to fend for yourself, there are no secretaries or go-fers around here. You need it, you get it.” They walked into Nick’s new office, grabbed a legal pad and a pen, and headed out.

Chapter 2 – Introductions and Inspections

Right after breakfast, the Shelter PA beeped twice – the “attention all hands” code for non-emergency messages to the whole base. Brigadier General Sam Snead wasn’t kidding about doing everything yourself.

“Attention everyone, we’ll have a brief meeting and the induction ceremony at 0900 in the main assembly area topside. That is all.”

At 0900, everyone assembled in the huge space on the first floor, and the First Sergeant came through the door, and barked “Fall in” and the assembly quickly arranged itself by rank into rows just like they’d been doing all their lives. Nick was pleased to see Betty a pace and a half to his right. No sooner had they organized themselves, then First Sergeant Walking Eagle yelled “Attention!” and everyone came to attention. Sam strode to the podium and returned their salute, then he said “At ease” at which command, all 150 of them lowered their right hands, and reset to at ease, which was a formal position of respect, but easier to maintain.

“Ladies and Gentlemen. As of 1800 yesterday, Lt Governor David Dewhurst was sworn in as the Governor of Texas. Federal troops attempted to unlawfully arrest Governor Rick Perry, and when that failed, executed the Governor, his family, and Representative Brandon Creighton and his family. Republic of Texas troops then fired on the federal troops, and killed all of them. As of 1800, a state of war exists between the Republic of Texas and the current regime. We have a two-fold mission, given to us by the late Governor himself. Our main mission is to shelter and defend as many Texans as possible. Most Texans would prefer to live in their homes, so that means we’re going to quickly organize the unorganized militias into a self-defense force, remove any Federal troops or agents remaining in Texas, and use Guerilla Warfare tactics to prevent their return, and degrade their ability to fight anywhere we can.

One piece of good news is all the Texas State and Army/Air National Guard units came over to a man once they heard that Obama had ordered the execution of Governor Perry. They wanted nothing to do with that traitor. We’ve had a unit of the Texas Army National Guard Combat Aviation Brigade assigned directly to us, and I wanted you to meet them. You know how I feel about women in combat, but after meeting their CO, I changed my mind.”

The door opened, and a tough-looking middle aged woman led a group of uniformed men and women forward, she saluted Gen Snead and said “Task Force Perry reporting as ordered Sir!”

When he returned her salute sharply, the whole assembly stood at attention.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, do you freely renounce any oath or loyalty to the former federal government, and swear allegiance to the Republic of Texas?”

The whole combined command said “I do.”

“It is my great privilege to induct you into the Militia of the Republic of Texas. First of all, look to your left and your right. One of you probably won’t live through this, but we’re risking our lives for the same noble cause the Founding Fathers risked theirs – Freedom. We face a situation similar to theirs. Most of the people just want to be left

alone, and won't get involved. While some may look down on them, I don't. We're the sheepdogs, they're the sheep we have been told by the master to defend. Without sheep, we'd have nothing to defend. Treat the sheep nicely and realize that one day, if God wills, this war will be over and we'll need the good sheep to help put the country back together. Anyone caught abusing the sheep will be shot on my orders. That goes for any militia we help or support who are abusing or demanding tribute from those they protect. If a town is voluntarily supporting their militia, that's OK, but if the sheepdogs turn into wolves, we need to take them out. One last thing – would you all raise your right hand and repeat after me.

I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support and defend the Original Intent of the Constitution of the United States and the Republic of Texas against all enemies foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely; and without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; that I will obey the lawful orders of those appointed above me, and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter; So help me God."

After meeting everyone, Nick asked Sam, "Why is the shelter so huge. If all you were doing was supporting combat troops, you could do it with a much smaller/safer/portable setup than this monstrosity."

"You're right Nick. Originally, the idea was to build shelters to save Texans, especially families and defend them from the upcoming events. Even before Governor Perry got involved, Ross Perot and other Texas Billionaires approached us with a proposal to fund shelters for as many Texans as possible without the Fedgov knowing about it. I'd assumed my combat days were over, so I accepted and over the years, we built a number of shelters all over Texas. We used the cover story of a Mutual Assistance Group (MAG) to screen and secure/train likely candidates. You and Betty were a priority, and once you called, we activated plans we'd made years ago to safely evacuate priority personnel. Years later, Governor Perry got wind of what we were doing, and asked me if we could make it official, and have access to Cast-off and Surplus NG gear, and an expanded mission. Our first priority is the safety and security of as many Texans as we can safely shelter or defend. Once we've attained that goal, our secondary mission is to harass, interdict, and destroy the Fedgov's ability to wage war inside the Republic of Texas and the surrounding region. That's why we got the NG gear. Ross bought the P-90's cheap when the Army turned them down based on the "Not invented here" syndrome. We've got enough for every support person to have their own p-90 and 10 50 round mags each, plus their personal sidearm."

"One last thing, once the field ops get going, my First Sergeant will be under orders to shoot me if I'm about to get captured. I'm extending those same orders to you Major. In the event of my immediate and imminent capture, I'm ordering you to kill me by any means necessary, including destruction of the entire building and everyone in it. I have knowledge that if it fell into enemy hands, could do irreparable harm and incalculable loss of life. Do you clearly understand these orders, and will you execute them unflinchingly if necessary?"

Nick looked at his old friend with tears in his eyes, wondering why he was so melodramatic, then he realized Sam was right, and if he were captured, they'd torture him until he told them everything he knew.

"Nick, I don't want my last action on Earth to be the betrayal of all I hold dear. I know I'm asking a lot, but I know you can do it, or I wouldn't have asked you to be my aide. You and Jim are my fail-safes, so don't fail."

Nick turned and saluted, then said "Sir, I understand and acknowledge your orders, and will execute them to the best of my ability!"

Sam returned his salute, then said "as you were." And they continued. As they walked past the firing range, Nick joked "Guess you might appreciate if I practice my marksmanship!"

"Yes, for God's sake, hit what you're aiming for, I don't want to live the rest of my life as a cripple!"

As they were walking around the Shelter, they passed the Avionics bays, and Nick saw a familiar outline. "Sam, isn't that a Predator?"

"Yeah, we got several of the older ones. We've got plenty of attack choppers, so we're retrofitting them back to radar and comms birds."

"You mean like the AWAC?"

"Except it won't have the powerful air search radar. Some wise guy realized you can detect an active air-search radar much further than it can give the radar operator enough of a return to locate the target. Except for the Lynx Synthetic Aperture Ground Search Radar, the entire bird is passive. We're replacing the weapons stores with additional drop tanks and a self-powered comms pod so our ground-based units can talk on low power and still talk with base without making it so easy to find them. The Predator still retains the Sidewinders for self-defense."

"So what about that Army National Guard Air wing?"

"They brought their full compliment. 8 Longbow Apaches, 2 Kiowa Warrior armed bird dogs, 8 armed Blackhawks, and 4 MD-500 Assault Helicopters."

"What's the deal with the MD-500's, I thought they were obsolete?"

"So did their CO, but the pilots have medical clearance to fly convoy security for us."

"Those guys have to be in their 60's or 70's?"

Suddenly Nick was face to wrinkled and well worn face with one of the MD-500 pilots – “Son, we might be old, but we’re crafty! The MD-500 is a real pilot’s helicopter. I can shoot down any helicopter in the inventory, but I’ve got no armor. I’ve got to be crafty, which is perfect for us old geezers.”

Nick extended his hand, and said “Sorry Sir. I didn’t mean any disrespect.”

“That’s OK, you youngins often engage your mouth before your brains. Would you like to take a look and Ole Bessy?”

They walked over to where his MD-500 Defender was parked, in the process of getting an avionics upgrade. Chief Warrant Officer(CWO-4) Jack Harris leaned over, and put his BDU shirt back on, and when Nick saw his collar device, he said “Sorry Chief, I didn’t know!”

“It’s ok, the rank is honorary, like your majority. I did my 20 and got out. I’ve been flying the MD-500e ever since then as a commercial pilot. It’s nice to be flying an armed helicopter again.”

Nick looked at the bird more closely, and whistled. They mounted a 7-round 2.75” rocket launcher and a 50 caliber machine gun on each skid. Chief Harris explained the rockets were the new laser-guided ones, and Ole Bessy was getting fitted for a laser designator and a FLIR in the nose plus the avionics to use the integrated helmet sight. Nick had read about the Advanced Precision Kill Weapons System, and was impressed. Each rocket could take out anything smaller than a tank, and they were laser guided. Best of all, he had 14 of them on board, plus the 50 caliber machine guns. They had room for a pair of Stingers if they expected to go air to air. Chief Harris told Nick “This is our long-range patrol configuration. If we’re needed for Close Air Support , our max load-out would be the 50’s and a pair of M-261 19-rocket pods instead of the M-260 7-rocket pods since the extra rockets really cut into our range between the weight and the drag.”

“Why would you want 19 rockets?”

“Don’t you mean 38? There’s two launchers.”

“OK, 38 – isn’t that overkill?”

“Depends on how big of a force we’re engaging. Each rocket can only take out 1 light armored vehicle. If we’re facing more than an armored platoon, we’ll quickly be Winchester, and have to RTB and rearm. With 38 rockets, we can do more damage per trip. Those twin 50’s are nice, but they’re a strafing weapon. Remember son, if you kill the truck, you probably kill everything in it. The faster we make them Combat Ineffective, the less people we have to kill – A Civil War is never civil, and not to be entered into lightly. But once the decision has been made, or forced upon you – fight like a tiger and get it over as quickly as possible to spare as many civilian lives as possible.”

“I don’t understand Chief – We were always taught to fight slow to spare civilians, and let them get out of the way.”

“Son, there’s NO preventing civilian casualties in a war – don’t directly target civilians unless they’re willingly working with insurgents, but don’t let them slow you down either. For every one that dies now, ten might die later as the war drags on and expands.”

“Chief, I’m supposed to be taking care of the Shelter and the Support personnel, why you telling me this?”

“Plans never survive first combat. Just be prepared son, I’ve got faith in you.”

With that, Master Chief Warrant Officer Jack Harris turned around and walked away.

Nick followed Sam out of the Avionics area, and like he said no one saluted, but everyone shook his hand. He introduced Nick as his new aide, and they all shook his hand, and welcomed him aboard. They showed him around the huge complex. The lowest floor held the apartments for families, and the environmental gear including water tanks, air handlers/scrubbers and several huge turbine generators. The middle floor held the segregated male/female barracks, the mess hall, and the recreation room, as well as the bulk of the supplies. The top floor held the armory, offices, hospital/infirmary, and various repair shops. Sam explained that keeping the people as far below ground as possible limited their exposure to any radioactivity, so they put the little kids in the lowest level. When Nick got a look at the armory, he asked General Snead, “Where did we get all this stuff?”

“Like I said, most of its US National Guard Cast-offs, some of its diverted excess front-line gear or obsolete USMC gear. When Congress closed those USMC bases down, instead of shipping everything to Barstow, the CO’s offered them to the local Guards. They sent it to us since they didn’t know how to work on the USMC stuff, and our mechanics were retired Marines, and had worked on everything since Vietnam.”

Nick and Betty spent the rest of the day helping new arrivals get settled. It seemed most of them were ex-Military with valuable skill sets, but for some reason, there were no lawyers or politicians in the group. Everyone they met seemed to have several kids, and most of the women were either pregnant or recently had a baby. Nick thought this was interesting, then realized that the recently pregnant or recent moms would have a hard time defending themselves or their kids, and their families would be prime candidates to shelter in a military-run shelter. The really odd thing was they all tended to be Conservative Christians but other than that, the ethnic mix was a good cross-section of Texas. Nick was glad to see whoever set this up was color-blind. Once the new members were settled down, they began immediately to train. Nick was busier than a 1-armed paper hanger. Betty found herself working in the Infirmary with doctors 10 years her junior who treated her with great respect, and asked a lot of questions. Sam told her she was free to set the infirmary up any way she felt comfortable as long as the doctors

agreed. She wondered briefly how her kids would stand being watched by strangers, but there was no way they could allow parents to spend the whole day caring for their kids, so the mothers who were too pregnant to work, or were new mothers and still nursing wound up working in the nursery with a couple of older teenage girls who volunteered for the nursery. The older kids were either in school, PT, or working as an apprentice to someone in the shelter that needed the help. Anyone who wasn't up to snuff with firearms was quickly brought up to speed, and issued a pistol and either an M-4 or the P-90 depending on their duties and shooting ability. The pistol came with a pistol belt kit which they wore all day. The rifle and an extended E&E kit were kept nearby in a locker at their "duty station". The pistol belt kit contained their sidearm in a holster, 4 or 6 spare mags depending on whether they had a high-cap 9mm or a 8-round .45acp pistol, a quart canteen/cup/stove, a KBAR knife, small first aid kit, and a small pouch containing a fire starting/emergency kit . Evidently someone was a big fan of the 1911, and made a bulk purchase from Armscor for their full-size Rock Island Armory TAC and 10 Chip McCormick Corporation 8 round mags per gun. The gun was a good clone of the Government 1911, with a bunch of upgrades including an ambi thumb safety, match trigger, lowered and radiused ejection port, oversized beavertail grip safety, Commander hammer, and a polished feed ramp. The other gun was a cast-off Beretta M-9, which didn't make the people who were given one happy. They had an indoor shooting range on the top floor, and drove several miles away for rifle and carbine practice.

When she got home that night, Lisa and John were waiting for them with a girl from the Nursery, and as Betty came in, the teenager went out, and said "Ma'am, they're all yours. See you at 0800 tomorrow." Nick was home 5 minutes later. Betty was still getting used to not having to do dishes or laundry. All she had to do was vacuum once a week and bring the laundry with her to work on Friday, and drop it off. The kids seemed to like their new nursery school, and Nick was happy playing soldier. Betty hoped he could stay out of the line of fire this time. They had a family to care for now.

Chapter 3 – Move Out and Secure Perimeter

Once Gen Snead was satisfied that the support personnel were ready to support combat operations, he divided up his combat force into teams, and showed them his plan to expand the perimeter around the shelter and pacify it. They were hoping the People of the Republic of Texas would be capable of self-defense once organized and equipped if necessary. He didn't have enough combat personnel to physically patrol his area of responsibility, but he did have some pretty sweet ROV's that could do the job unless the weather got too bad. They divided the area around the shelters into grids, and sent mobile combat teams flying the Republic of Texas flag, the Gonzales Flag, and the Gadsden Flag from their antennas. The main vehicle was older outdated Armed/armored Hummers with either a Ma Deuce or a MK-19 grenade launcher for self-defense. Each team had a deuce and a half full of supplies they could distribute on an emergency basis including a small amount of non-hybrid seeds to grow vegetables and expand their larder. The area around Seguin, TX was pretty fertile, so they hoped that at least in their AO, the people would start growing gardens to feed themselves. For the

near future, potatoes would be more valuable for growing more potatoes than eating. After germinating the spud, the growing eye and a chunk of spud would be cut off and planted, to grow many more potatoes.

Thanks to the downsizing of the USMC, they had a bunch of LAV-25's, and instead of driving them all over the place, situated them in overwatch where each LAV could cover 4 combat teams while they went door to door. Sam decided on a very tight ROE to minimize civilian casualties, and they could only return fire if their lives were in danger. Thankfully, the non-standard flags did the trick most of the time, and after some tense stand-offs, the communities realized they WERE there to help, and the word spread. Even after just a year of the Obama regime, very few Texans had full-time jobs, or even part time jobs, and were living hand to mouth. Most of the lucky ones had already planted gardens, and had formed up Neighborhood watch groups to protect themselves. Often, all the ones who had already set up Neighborhood Watch groups needed was the radio frequencies to call help if needed. They also got census data from the more cooperative citizens, including any skills they had. The Republic of Texas could pay people with critically needed skills, and the word spread, so there were more people willing to fill out forms than they would ordinarily.

Once the stabilization process was well underway, the mechanics decided to remodel and retrofit some really old hardware to protect the shelter from attack. Some of the stuff was pre-Vietnam, and the rest were from DS#1 and DS#2. Including M-60 tanks, M-113 APC variants, LAV variants, Bofors 40mm twin mount guns, various Vulcan gun systems, and a bunch of 155mm towed artillery. They built special fixed emplacements for the 155mm and 40mm guns that retracted into a concrete-reinforced earth-sheltered bunker that looked like part of the hillside, and the mobile stuff was put in several different garages, each as well-hidden and protected as the gun bunkers. The flame throwers were installed in another bunker for close-range anti-personnel defense. They thought co-locating the 155 and the 40mm guns was ingenious since the big gun had more range, but a slower rate of fire, whereas the smaller gun was retrofitted to flexible feed from a large ammo bin, which allowed rapid fire against any targets within the maximum range of the Bofors gun over 12 thousand yards, and a rate of fire over 200rpm, the gun was a formidable medium-range gun, especially since it could fire AP or HE rounds with either common or VT fused HE rounds to take out personnel and vehicles. The 155mm Howitzer, on the other hand, could hit targets almost 13 miles away, but they could only fire 1 or 2 rounds per minute for any length of time, and required a much larger gun crew.

*** That same morning Washington DC***

President-for-life Obama had just finished viewing the CIA's uncut/unedited version of the events surrounding San Antonio, including the extra video provided by the senior Texas Ranger. To say he was furious was an understatement.

"Which Idiot allowed them to broadcast that tape?"

His flunky aide was wishing he could be ANYWHERE else in the world right now, and quickly thinking of a way out said “The Censor got the one tape we knew about, and the other station was blown up shortly after transmission started.”

“How many people saw the tape?”

“We don’t know sir, with the heavy censorship, people aren’t watching TV as much anymore”

What he failed to tell the President was that they’d switched to the Internet, and Pirate Radio, which used quick setup and take down vans to send the truth about what was going on in the country. The short-distance transmissions gave the public that cared accurate info, and suggestions to help survive. People copied and transcribed the transmissions, and distributed it among trusted friends and neighbors. The internet was supposedly regulated, but the Hackers knew ways around the watch dogs, and could send and receive anonymously – and did so frequently. Wally was responsible for the video Obama was thoroughly enjoying, and the CIA didn’t have a clue how it got on the internet, or how widely it had already spread. Within hours of Wally’s upload, thousands of Computer Servers were hosting the video in password protected accounts. The people with access to those accounts were also computer experts, and copied the videos, and loaded them anonymously onto other less-secure servers, where it spread like wildfire, despite the Fedgov’s intense efforts to block the videos. It seemed like every time they’d close 1 site, 10 more would spring up, just like the Hydra, until just about every server on the internet hosted a copy whether they knew it or not. As one could imagine, the shooting video was inflammatory, and the video from Brigadier General Sam Snead and Governor Rick Perry was even more so – it was the “voice from the grave” for the Governor, shot in case the Fedgov sent some stupid grunts to do their dirty work, and he didn’t survive.

“Fellow Texans. If you’re seeing this video, it means that I’ve been killed by Fedgov forces acting on illegal orders of President for Life Obama. Next to me is Brigadier General Sam Snead. Some of you might know him, but I’ll tell you anyway. General Snead was my hand-picked Officer to run the Texas Resistance and Militia. You need to get organized with your neighbors as fast as possible, arm yourselves, secure food and water, and prepare as best as possible for an invasion or a Civil War. Governor Dewhurst is now in charge of the Civil Government of the Republic of Texas, and between the two of them, they’ll do what they can you help you stay safe, but you have to do your part. There are no more welfare or other state aid payments, and the Federal payments stopped months ago as you know. Everyone who can needs to start planting gardens. Get with your neighbors, and plant as big of a garden on any suitable ground as soon as you can. Hopefully your local officials will be able to assist you. General Snead will be sending Militia units out to do a quick and dirty needs survey, and if necessary, train up the local militias. Once that’s done, they’ll be doing their darndest to prevent the Fedgov forces from attacking. This is our last chance to live in freedom – if we fail, our children and grandchildren will live as slaves again, in the second time in US

History. It will be much worse, since those running the system won't care if you live or die. Pray for yourselves, your families, your children, and most of all Pray for Texas. Vaya Con Dios."

Nick saw the second video for the first time, and was crying. He knew in his heart that Obama wouldn't let Texas secede, and would do everything in their power to get them back into the fold. What Nick didn't know is at that very moment, the State Legislatures of several Western States, and a couple Eastern States were debating joining the Republic of Texas. Some of them, like the CA Legislature, ended when the State Police arrested the "ringleaders" of the Secession Movement while they were speaking on the Floor of the Legislature. Word quickly spread, and States that decided to join Texas quickly hung those who would have hung them as traitors if the tables were turned. All over the Former United States, gallows were quickly erected, or they used the nearest light pole and a suitable length of rope to hang the heads of State Security, and any Federal Stooges as they called them. New Hampshire and Vermont both voted to secede, as did NV, ID, UT, MT, AZ, NM, CO, WY, MT, KS, OK, AK, LA. Their borders would be more secure with all the surrounding states voting to secede. The rest of the South had over 50% of the population who were sympathizers, but due to the Big City Liberals, didn't have enough votes to for the motion to secede to pass. The Central US and both coasts were a mix of Sympathizers, Torries, and Leave-alones, which meant that if any fighting came, it would be in those states first.

The day after the broadcast, once Gen Snead was sure everyone was ready to go on the support staff, and everyone had checked in who was going to for the immediate future, he assembled his staff and went over his plans for quickly securing a 100-mile radius around the shelter, which was located just south of Seguin Texas in the hill country, which made them about 35 miles East of San Antonio, 60 miles Southwest of Austin, and about 150 miles West of Houston, TX. They had a lot of territory to cover, and little time, but they had a lot of help – All the National Guard units in the area would provide men and equipment to support General Snead's operation due to Gov. Perry's order putting Sam in charge. First Sergeant Walking Eagle never left his side once he was outside the shelter, and was always armed and watching out for trouble. Just seeing Jim standing there like the Angel of Death gave Sam a serious case of the willies! He quickly got over it, showed his leaders what he wanted done, and told them to do it as quickly as possible. That afternoon, convoys set out in all directions, headed for the nearest towns and cities to do a quick and dirty survey, assist anyone they could without losing sight of their objective, and getting back to Sam with the data as fast as possible.

The sight of armed Hummers, LAV's, Deuce and a Halves, and the occasional M-113 or other tracked vehicles brought a tear to Gen. Snead's eye when he realized all the combat power he had available. This was only 1/3 of the total, since the TNG units were staging from their depots and armories as well. Every team had their assignment, and every LAV or M-113 drove to their assigned coordinates, and waited for the call they prayed they'd never get – one of their teams would be in serious trouble if they ever got a call on the radio, except the hourly check-in calls, and the hoped for "All is Well,

Return to Base” they’d get in a week or so. The first teams reached the outskirts of Seguin within minutes, and once their support team was in place, broke up into combat teams, and started driving down residential streets and knocking on doors. The first contacts were some farmers around the base, who were wondering what in tarnation was going on. The Lt in charge of the contact team was from the local area, which helped, and he knew some of the people. Once they stopped pointing rifles at them every time they drove up to a farmhouse, Rick figured someone had put the word out on them. They spent the next week gathering info, making arrangements for a formal militia, and taking care of the residents’ medical and supply needs. Most of the farmers were pretty self-sufficient, and had 6 months worth of any major meds already in stock, and 6-12 months of food, plus what they were growing in their gardens. The only downside was most of them were still mono-cropping to sell their goods to big canning companies. Fortunately, the canning companies were local, and Sam put keeping them running at the top of his list – he needed to keep the food flowing to prevent food riots and keep morale up. Rick was really persuasive, and managed to talk half the farmers into planting a wide variety of crops in their remaining space to start a Farmer’s Market later that summer for local fresh produce and meat, since they probably weren’t going to get much if anything from out of state for a while. When Rick’s team returned, he asked Sam a question, and he immediately contacted the new Governor’s office.

“Governor Dewhurst, General Snead. Thanks, I know your busy so I won’t take up your time. What’s the fuel situation like – are we expecting any deliveries? We’re still getting stuff into Houston and Port Arthur? Great, let me know if that changes. They’re NOT? Great, that makes things much easier for us. Please let me know as soon as you hear anything that might effect that – Thanks Governor!”

Sam breathed a sigh of relief – Governor Dewhurst told him that all the Texas refineries were operating at capacity, that the US Navy decided they had better things to do besides blockading Texas and Louisiana, which would be biting the hand that fed the rest of the nation, since over 80% of US imported crude oil came through those two states, and a pittance in comparison came through CA based refineries. If the USN wanted bunker fuel or jet fuel, they’d have to remain on good terms with the new Republic of Texas. When he heard the US Navy refused to blockade Texas, and the Marines couldn’t do it, since they got a ride everywhere they went on US Navy ships – PFL Obama threw a major snit! He satiated his lust by watching a recording of the BATFE “interrogation” of the wife of a “domestic terrorist” gun dealer that they captured and tortured to death. He wished his wife was available, but she died in a mysterious plane crash 6 months ago. Sighing with displeasure, he reached into his drawer and pulled out a loaded crack pipe and a butane torch to do some Black Rock, which always made him feel better.

Meanwhile, back in Texas, things were back to normal, or at least as normal as you could be during an economic recession and a Civil War. The funny thing is the Civil War really didn’t affect life in Texas that much, except there were no shipments from China since California controlled all those ports, and Governor Fineswine, in a snit over the rest of the US basically telling them to buzz off, decided that no shipments would leave

HER docks bound for a Rebel State – no matter they were the property of various US Companies that did business in CA and paid taxes. They got a retribution of sorts by cancelling all shipments from their manufacturers that would have been for their CA stores. A week before the Civil War started, some of them got seriously concerned the Governors of the Socialist States would confiscate their property and started cleaning their warehouses on both coasts, and moving their products to warehouses in Rebel Territory. They managed to get most of their stuff out, so they'd stay in business for as long as the stocks in their warehouses lasted, unless the Chinese could be convinced to take stuff through the Canal and ship it to the ports all along the Gulf of Mexico instead.

All over the Western US, the "Screw California" movement was developing legs. NV, AZ, and OR were tired of dealing with CA and getting their refugees every time they messed things up with another of their "Bright Ideas", which resulted in constantly changing rules, and monumental headaches for small and big businesses trying to keep up with the paperwork and ever expanding bureaucracy created by California's insatiable need to be always trying something new. Nevada, Arizona, and Oregon made out like bandits once the retaliatory boycott of California got started, since they forbade ALL trucks and trains carrying goods bound for CA to leave their state with the products, so the shippers were stuck either selling them for what they could get, or returning them to the seller. Nevada stopped everything in Reno, Carson City, or Las Vegas, and Arizona was stopping everything westbound in Phoenix, Yuma and Flagstaff. Oregon and Washington were sitting on the fence, so they weren't boycotted, but weren't helped either. Oregon did agree to boycott California since they benefited from the products that were being shipped to Northern California, and wound up stuck in Oregon. They let some products through to selected companies which were caught in CA after the declaration of war, and were trying to get out as fast as possible. Governor Fineswine ranted and raved, but could do nothing to change the minds of the other Governors.

Similar things were happening at the borders between the Eastern Seaboard States – Everything between Virginia and Northeastern NY State was 100% behind PFL Obama, even after he'd eliminated the Federal Welfare benefit, which he blamed on the Republicans, then promptly hired tens of thousands of illiterate black men to be members of his new Civilian Defense Force, which was really his personal Goon Squad, and responsible for most of the illegal attacks against US Citizens. They were working from inaccurate lists typed by uncaring Federal Bureaucrats who were paid by the hour for what they assumed was a dead-end job, so they didn't care about the accuracy of the data on their lists, never caring or realizing their lists might be used to kick in doors, then rape and murder the occupants. They only realized their mistake too late, when several of them wound up on the lists since their Social Security Number was one off from a "Domestic Terrorist" and another clerk had carelessly typed their SSN instead of the DT's number. Their last thought as their door smashed inward was "Why Me – I'm loyal?"

The western and southern borders for this Civil War almost exactly duplicated the old Mason-Dixon line, with several states that sided with the Union going Rebel this time, and the same number of Rebel states going Union, including Georgia switching due to

the high concentration of Liberal blacks in Atlanta, and Virginia due to the huge naval presence in the state. The Dakotas, Nebraska, and Minnesota were on the fence, while the rest of the Northeast were either Union or couldn't quite muster the votes for 1 side or the other. Unfortunately, Obama sent his goons into the Undecided States to confiscate guns and food, with "wink and nudge" permission to do whatever they wanted to the Civilians they were pillaging. Illinois and other states that had almost succeeded in disarming their populations suffered the worst, and states like OH, IN and PA fared better since they still had a large population of hunters who weren't forced to give up their hunting rifles and shotguns yet. Over half the JBT's sent into those states didn't survive.

Once word spread of the JBT's assaulting ordinary citizens, several "Union" states shifted their allegiance, but were caught short on the firepower. Nearby States with excess arms in their NG and military armories helped out where they could, but there wasn't enough guns for everyone. What they ended up doing is augmenting the new State Militias and creating local Self-defense forces to battle the criminals, both federal and local. Within weeks, gallows sprang up at County Court houses, and those caught raping, murdering, or robbing were given a short trial and a long rope at the end of their sentence. The local Sheriffs decided to clean out their jails and prisons, and have the judges sign Death Warrants for those imprisoned for Rape, Murder, and Robbery seeing as the ones they just caught doing the same thing were swinging from a rope instead of getting 3 hots and a cot on the county dime. Finally the ACLU was powerless to stop them since they didn't dare go into the Rebel territory, or they'd likely find themselves swinging from a rope on General Principles. Once the criminals realized that there was a Major downside to a life of crime, those who could decided to go straight and turn over a new leaf, and take up farming. Those who couldn't were caught the next time they committed a felony, and were either shot by their attempted victims, or were hung from a convenient tree or lamp post when the Militia caught up with them.

Several Weeks Later, Washington DC

Obama was reading the latest reports, and getting madder and madder. Seems his attempt to destroy the country, and bring our population down to UN guidelines was failing miserably. Even the Military was refusing to do his bidding, which was to bomb or shoot all the Rebels they could get their hands on. Several local Army CO's within the Union States tried to get their troops to fire on US Civilians, but once they realized they were shooting unarmed civilians, they refused to attack any more. Some switched over to the Rebel side, and most went home to protect their families. The desertion rate quickly approached 100%, and most regular Army and Army National Guard Units were Combat Ineffective due to desertions and injuries. Several of the deserters took their crew served and man-portable anti-tank weapons with them in case the government sent goon squads after them. Finally, one day, Obama had enough, and sent for the Joint Chiefs. Unknown to Obama, they had arranged a Military Coup with the head of the Secret Service, and the Commandant of the Marines smuggled his pearl-handled custom 1911 past security, and into the Oval Office. Obama was 2 minutes into his tirade when he had enough, drew and fired a perfect Failure to Stop drill, putting 2

rounds into Obama's chest, and one into his forehead just to be sure, then he shot OB's goon who still had a look of surprise on his face when the Commandant's 4th round entered right above the bridge of his nose, and destroyed what brains he had left. The Secret Service agents held their hands up away from their bodies as the Commandant swiveled to engage them if necessary, and the Secretary of the Treasury came in a minute later, and ordered the agents to dispose of the bodies. The Joint Chiefs then walked outside to the Press Room, and saw all the dead bodies of the remaining Cabinet Members in their offices and Secret Service Agents with holstered guns and a smile on their face guarding the cooling bodies.

As they walked into the Press Room, the available press turned their cameras on and the Head of the Joint Chiefs delivered a pre-written message.

"My fellow Americans. President For Life Obama is dead, along with his Cabinet members, as well as any Senior members of Congress who were on the Continuity of Government list. We decided that they were all guilty of Treason against the US Constitution, and were forced to eliminate them or face another Civil War brought on by a power-mad dictator.

We're declaring Martial Law for the remainder of the Emergency, and are asking the Governors of the respective states to appoint representatives to meet again as soon as possible in Philadelphia PA to discuss a newer, better government like the Founding Fathers envisioned, with Sovereign States, and a very limited Federal Government to settle disputes between states and provide for their common defense. The attendees will work out the details, but if we're not happy with the results, we're more than capable of maintaining Martial Law as long as we have to.

Gentlemen, the ball is in your court, the sooner you can agree to a new government based on the ideals of the Founding Fathers, the sooner we can go back to what we're supposed to do – training young men and women to defend the United States.

Goodnight and God Bless."

General Snead called a General Assembly in the main room. They had erected a projector and a screen, and the whole population of the shelter was assembled in ranks in front of it, with a podium off to the side. As General Snead entered the room, First Sergeant Walking Eagle, wearing bandages from his injuries, yelled "Attention!" and the whole assembly snapped to Attention and saluted as the general walked in. Once he reached the podium, he returned the salute, then commanded "At Ease". The sound of the assembly lowering their right arm and moving to the At Ease position was audible in the big room.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I've got some good news for you. Today, the Joint Chiefs decided to eliminate the reason for the Civil War, and executed the civilian leadership in DC as traitors. We are now under martial law until the representatives of the State

Governors can get together in Philadelphia to work out a new Federal Government which follows the ideals set forth by the Founding Fathers. I'll play the video of the news conference so you can see for yourselves."

Once the video ended, there was a wave of emotion sweeping through the assembly, but they were still "at ease". Finally, seeing they were having problems retaining their composure, Gen Snead said "Dismissed" to allow them to deal with their emotions in private. Nick looked around, and while they had lost some people, it wasn't as many as Gen Snead had feared. He walked over to Betty, who threw herself into his arms sobbing in relief. She had seen the worst of it with all the casualties coming in, and was grateful beyond belief that it was over. Nick took her down to their apartment to be with their kids, and remind her what all this was for – so their kids could grow up in Freedom.

Fleataxi